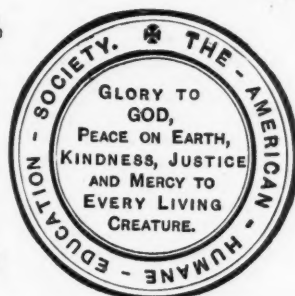


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 25.

Boston, January, 1893.

No. 8.

JAY GOULD'S WILL.

In our morning paper of December 8th we find an account of *Jay Gould's Will*, in which we find this:—

"THERE WERE NO BEQUESTS FOR CHARITY."

"And there was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day.

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus.

And it came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

The rich man also died and was buried.

And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom.

And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me and send Lazarus that he may dip the end of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame."

To the American Press and other Leaders of Thought who read this Paper.

We have, during the past three months, been advocating an "International Humane Congress" at the World's Chicago Exposition, to discuss four great questions, two of which are:—

(1) The best means of preventing wars.

(2) The best means of humanely educating all nations for the prevention of every form of cruelty both to our own and the so-called dumb races.

We take pleasure in sending in this our first number of 1893, to the editors of about twenty thousand American publications in North America north of Mexico, and other leaders of thought, and all our readers, our kindest wishes that the year upon which we have just entered may prove the happiest that has ever dawned on this old earth, and of most respectfully commending to their careful consideration the following thoughts which may possibly aid them and us in making it happier.

The world's history from its earliest ages has been largely a history of wars between savage tribes and between so-called civilized or half-civilized nations.

The world's heroes have been those who were most successful in the shedding of blood.

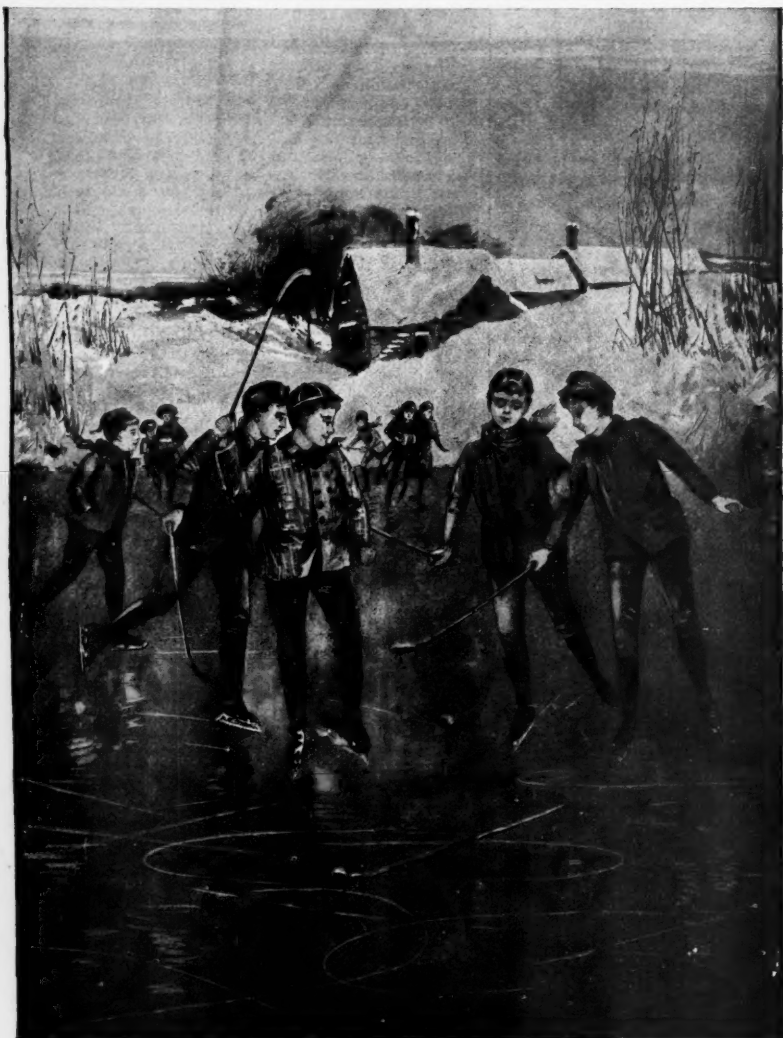
The picture galleries of Europe are filled to-day with the representations of the triumphs of one Christian nation over another.

The proudest monuments are erected to commemorate events which caused the greatest suffering, and the children of all Christian nations are taught by picture, song, and story that it is glorious to die in battles against their fellow Christians who believe in the same God and look forward to an inheritance in the same heaven.

All Europe is to-day one great camp, armed with the most deadly machinery that science has thus far invented for the destruction of human life on sea and land.

The combats of the Roman amphitheatre between human beings and wild beasts have only given way to the prize-fight, the bull-fight, the dog-fight, the cock-fight, the duels of German students, and the modern practices and conflicts of American students almost or quite as brutal.

Out of these teachings have come not only a disregard of human life and happiness, but also of the lives and happiness of the so-called dumb races that depend on our protection and care.



HAPPY NEW YEAR.

By kind permission of D. Lothrop Co., Boston, publishers of "Wide Awake," etc.

Is this state of things to continue forever? and if not, when and how is it to end?

Prophets have foretold and poets have sung a golden age of "Peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature," and philanthropists are eagerly peering into the future for the long-hoped-for time when great armies shall return to peaceful industries, when picture galleries shall no longer be filled with the triumphs of one nation over others, and when "Arches of Triumph," stripped of their warlike inscriptions and adornments, shall become "Arches of Peace."

How is it to be accomplished?

Peace societies, so called, are beginning to somewhat attract public thought, but it is to be feared that all their efforts have failed thus far to prevent the building of a single war ship or the casting of a single cannon, and we suspect that no political leader or military commander of Europe or America, in weighing the chances of war, has deemed their influence entitled to the slightest serious consideration.

If, as Ruskin has suggested, whenever war is threatened between Christian nations, the Christian women of those nations would put on mourning apparel and wear it until the danger ceased, it would probably make the war impossible.

If, whenever war is threatened between Christian nations, the Christian people of those nations would offer daily prayers in all their churches and in great union prayer meetings in every city and town, and in their homes, and call upon their fellow Christians of all nations to join in their prayers, that the Almighty would be pleased to avert the dire calamity, there is not a politician in Christendom who would dare to stand up in Congress, Parliament, or elsewhere and advocate war.

But the great question is, how are we to produce a public sentiment which shall not only lead Christian women to put on mourning and Christian churches to offer prayers when wars are threatened, but which shall also stamp out all those forms of cruelty both to our own and the lower races which, coming down from darker ages, still cling to our half-civilized civilization.

For nearly nineteen hundred years, wherever the spires of cathedrals and churches have pointed to heaven, has the message of "peace on earth, good will to men" been proclaimed.

But how shall this be accomplished?

Other ways there may be and are, and other plans we have for calling the attention and bringing to bear the power of the Christian women and Christian churches of the whole Christian world, but for ultimate and permanent results there can be none more important than to strike at the roots and begin with the children.

Through them we can reach the mothers, and through both the fathers.

When we can plant in the minds of the children a proper sense of the horrors and wickedness of every form of cruelty, so that the songs, music, and pictures of war and bloodshed shall be seen by them in their proper light, the glamour will vanish, and God's sunshine, bringing increased happiness to the whole human family, will take its place.

While the "American Humane Education Society" believes that somewhat can be accomplished by appealing to their reasoning powers, and impressing upon them the duty of loving their Creator and such of their parents, brothers, sisters, and mates as may be deserving of love, it believes that a hundred times more can be accomplished through teachings and experiences which appeal to and develop the heart.

For this purpose, while it seeks to use all that is noble and generous and truly heroic in humane literature, it finds no greater aid than in awakening in children a love and tenderness towards all the so-called dumb races by whom they are constantly surrounded, and which always return to even the poorest and most unfortunate love for love.

The experiences in this direction of both European and American schools have proved that the boy or girl who learns to be constantly doing kind acts and saying kind words to the lower races soon grows into a spirit of kindness and mercy to his or her own.

In this view, while "The American Humane Education Society" has in the past few years distributed probably more than two hundred millions of pages of its humane literature, not only in our own but to some extent in other countries, it has also formed and caused to be formed in this country and elsewhere more than fifteen thousand "Bands of Mercy," numbering perhaps more than a million children, all pledged to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and to endeavor to protect them from cruel usage.

And it is now striving in other ways to reach also through all our universities, colleges, and higher educational schools the coming generation of American educated men.

It is beyond the limits of this paper to give a history of what has been accomplished or state future plans. My object in this paper is simply to attract attention, awaken thought, and lead to inquiry which can be answered more fully by others, which I shall be glad to furnish to all who may be interested to know what seem to us practical plans of promoting "peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature."

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

LETTER TO OUR GOOD FRIEND FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BOSTON, Dec. 5, 1892.

MY DEAR MISS WILLARD:

As I have had occasion to say before, I have no doubt the time will come when your great "Woman's Christian Temperance Union" will take the greater name which rightfully belongs to it, and become "The Woman's Christian Union of America and the World,"—a name which, while more effective to promote the special object for which your organization was founded, will cover all others into which it has since grown.

If this world is ever to be redeemed from barbarism and cruelty of every form it must come through the influence of woman, and there is no organization of women at present more powerful to redeem it than that over which you have the honor to preside.

I send you enclosed an article on the importance of bringing to the attention of all nations at the Congresses to be held at our great "World's Exposition at Chicago," two of the most important questions to the progress of civilization and humanity.

(1st.) *How can we stop wars?*

(2d.) *How can we humanely educate all nations for the prevention of every form of cruelty both to our own and the lower races that depend on our protection and care?*

In that article you will see that I believe Ruskin was right when he declared that if, whenever war threatens between two nations, all the Christian women of those nations would put on mourning apparel and wear it until the danger ceased, there would be no war.

(2.) That I believe that if, whenever war threatens between two Christian nations, all Christian people in those nations will offer daily prayers in their churches and in great Union prayer meetings in all their cities and towns, and in their homes, and call upon their fellow Christians in other countries to join in their prayer that the Almighty will be pleased to avert the great calamity, there will not be a politician in Christendom who will dare to stand up in Congress, Parliament, or elsewhere, and advocate war.

Now, my dear Miss Willard, I am exceedingly anxious that from the "Woman's Congress" of our "Great International Exposition" shall go out an appeal to the Christian women and Christian churches of the world to stop wars between Christian nations; also, that they will throw their mighty influence into

efforts to humanely educate the children of all nations for the prevention of every form of cruelty that now curses the human and lower races; and I know of no woman in the world more likely or more able to cause this to be done than yourself.

With kind remembrance and wishes, I am, most respectfully and gratefully,

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

WORK OF OUR HUMANE SOCIETIES.

From a longer article under the above heading in "The Boston Herald" of December 3rd, we cut the following:—

In the offices of the Society are also located the headquarters of "The American Humane Education Society" and the "Parent American Band of Mercy."

Both these societies have the same general objects as the society with the longer name, their purpose being to secure kind treatment for all the lower animals that depend upon the care and protection of man. Mr. George T. Angell is president of all three societies, devoting all his time and energy to the promotion of the aims and work of these organizations.

"The American Humane Education Society" has, in something over two years, printed and caused to be printed between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 copies of "Black Beauty," Anna Sewall's famous work upon the proper care of a horse, and is now aiding its translation and publication in various European and Asiatic languages. The society and its president have organized and caused to be organized over 15,000 "Bands of Mercy" in our own country and the British provinces, and to some extent in other countries. They probably number at present over 1,000,000 members.

It has employed, and is now employing, missionaries to form humane societies in Southern and Western States. It has offered a large variety of prizes to all college students of America and to all American editors for the best essays on the importance of humane education; for the best drama of "Black Beauty," for the best stories similar to "Black Beauty," representing kindness and cruelty in our Northern, Southern and Western States and Territories; also for the best essays on vivisection, the training of horses, and various other subjects, and for the best humane dialogues suitable for use in public and private schools.

One of the most important parts of the Society's work has been the sending of its pictorial illustrated paper, "Our Dumb Animals," to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico—about 20,000 in all.

It printed last year about 109,280,000 pages of humane literature.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has dealt, since its organization, with nearly 80,000 cases of cruelty, and obtained nearly 4000 convictions in our Massachusetts courts. It has printed and circulated millions of copies of its various publications. These have been sent all over our own country, and translated into foreign languages for circulation in many others. Some of these publications are at present used in the public schools of places as remote as New Zealand. During the past year it has printed nearly half a million copies of "Our Dumb Animals," and hundreds of thousands of copies of its other humane publications. It has offered many prizes for the protection of birds, for the prevention of docking and other forms of cruelty; it has obtained the first law in the world making it a crime to mutilate horses for life by docking, punishable, in the discretion of the court, by a fine of \$250 and a year's imprisonment; it has obtained the first law in this country, and perhaps in the world, to prevent the shooting of live pigeons from traps for sport.

It has about 590 unpaid agents through the State who render it greater or less service, six prosecuting agents paid full salaries and several others paid part salaries, and is anxious to increase its work by the appointment of other paid agents when its funds will warrant an increase. At present the Society's treasury will not warrant a wider extension of its humane efforts in behalf of the lower creatures.

The numerous plans which are being adopted from month to month are given in the issues of the Society's monthly paper. This publication was founded in 1868 and was the first paper of its kind in the world. Two hundred thousand copies of its first number were printed and distributed.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over nine hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



Costs Five Cents.



Costs Thirty Cents.

I would not give much for the Christianity of any one whose Christianity did not make him kinder to his dog and cat.

ROWLAND HILL.

FRIENDS IN MISFORTUNE.

A touching incident which was seen on a Boston street, one cold day, illustrates the way in which suffering begets charity. It was one of the cheerless windy days, when the air is full of snowflakes while yet it seems too cold to snow in earnest.

On a bleak street was an iron plate in the sidewalk, around which thin streams of steam arose. On this bit of warm surface cowered a morsel of a girl, not more than five years old, pinched with the cold and hunger, and most scantily dressed.

As she crouched over the warm plate, an ill-looking cur came drifting down the street. He hesitated as he came into the circle of warm air, and with a wistful whine looked up into the face of the girl. Instantly the little thing moved over to make room for her fellow-waif.

"Poor doggie!" she said, hugging her forlorn shawl closer about her: "is he cold, too?"

And the two comrades in misfortune shared together the hospitality of the iron plate in perfect fellowship.

THE MARCH OF A CARAVAN.

Perhaps the weirdest and most impressive of the many unwonted memories that the traveller carries away with him from such like travel in the East is the recollection of the camel caravans which he has encountered at night. Out of the black darkness is heard the distant boom of a heavy bell; mournfully, and with perfect regularity of iteration it sounds, gradually swelling nearer and louder, and perhaps mingling with the tones of smaller bells signalling the rear-guard of the same caravan. The big bell is the insignia and alarm of the leading camel alone. But nearer and louder as the sound becomes, not another sound and not a visible object appears to accompany it. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, there looms out of the darkness, like the apparition of a phantom ship, the form of the captain of the caravan. His spongy tread sounds softly on the smooth sand, and like a great string of linked ghouls the silent procession stalks by and is swallowed up in the night.—*Persia, by Hon. G. N. Curzon.*

THE WEIGHT OF A SPIDER'S WEB.

It is said that if you were to take a pound and unravel it, it would be long enough to reach around the world, with a sufficient quantity left to reach from New York to San Francisco.



PIGGY-BACK.

We are indebted to the F. A. Ringler Co., 26 and 28 Park Place, New York, for this beautiful cut.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A THRIFTY FAMILY.

'Twas a bitter cold morning; the new-fallen snow
Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go;
The streams were all solid, the ice sharp and clear;
And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.

Almost all the wild creatures were troubled and cold,
And sighed for sweet summer, the shy and the bold;
But one thrifty family, as you must know,
Was breakfasting merrily under the snow.

Close by a tall tree, in a hole in the ground,
Which led to a parlor, with leaves cushioned round,
Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease,
And eating their breakfast as gay as you please.

D. H. R. GOODALE.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, January, 1893.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper, for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month three hundred and forty-five new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of fifteen thousand two hundred and ninety-one.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day (we have to-day 112), it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

"BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail; Anna Sewall Edition, with her photograph and autograph, also our regular Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in November.

Whole number dealt with, 247; animals taken from work, 22; horses and other animals killed, 47.

WARNING TO DROVERS.

There has recently been reported much cruelty at the Union Cattle Yards at Watertown, and our officers have been carefully investigating it. The first case we have prosecuted is reported in the Boston daily papers of December 8th, as follows:—

In the District Court at Waltham, this morning, on complaint of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, W. F. Wallace, a drover, of Keene, N. H., pleaded guilty to transporting, in a cruel manner, a lot of cows, calves, etc., which came into the Union Stock Yards November 22d. He was fined \$30. The agent of the society found the stock very much crowded on arrival, three calves lying dead in the car. This is the initial prosecution of drovers at that market, and the society proposes to follow up the movement thus commenced.

Yale and Princeton Football Fight on Thanksgiving Day in New York City.

From sermon of Rev. Madison C. Peters, N. Y. City, on Nov. 27, we take the following in Boston Herald, Nov. 28:—

"The sights enacted in our city Thursday night by the college men, the taking possession of saloons, breaking up performances in theatres, blowing horns in people's faces, kissing unprotected women on the public streets, carrying them on their shoulders, drinking themselves drunk and shouting themselves hoarse, were a disgrace to our civilization, and the colleges and universities which tolerate such depravities should be consistent and drop the name of Christian."

"On a day set apart by the President of the United States for *thanksgiving to God for his goodness of the year*, cultured gentlemen fighting like madmen, goaded by 25,000 people, as if bereft of their reason, sitting nearly five hours in the chilling blasts and yelling themselves hoarse, shows a tendency in our national life that not only poisons the young, but may plunge our fair republic into the grave of the dead nations of history."

Thank God for this true and noble utterance. We send a marked copy of it in this paper to every university and college president in the United States, and trust that no one of them will fail to see the importance of aiding the efforts of our American Humane Education Society to carry, through its prizes offered and otherwise, humane education into all our Higher Institutions of Learning. GEO. T. ANGELL.

ROMAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

HOW YALE STUDENTS CELEBRATE.

(1.) We find in "Boston Herald," of December 4th, that the whole Freshman Class—"the whole Freshman Class" of Yale—celebrated their football game with Harvard by going Saturday night to the opera house, hurling torpedoes at the ballet girls, letting loose a flock of pigeons, etc., etc. A large force of police ejected the ringleaders, and after some of the students had been arrested the play was hurried to a close.

In the same paper we find this: "Two Harvard students, who give the names of Herbert A. Ross and Otis C. White, occupy cells at station 2 as the result of an attempt to steal the sign of 'The Bible Society' from the rear entrance of the Press Club, on Bromfield Street."

There are now quite a large number of Roman Catholic universities and colleges in this country. Will our readers kindly inform us if they have ever known a single instance in which the students of these universities or colleges have been guilty of the outrages which are constantly being perpetrated by the students of some of our leading Protestant universities and colleges, and which are a disgrace to American civilization?

If these things cannot be stopped, we do most sincerely believe it would be better for the country that some of these leading Protestant institutions of learning should have their buildings burned to the ground and their students properly educated in other institutions which will not send them out educated devils.

Whether a reform can be wrought in them by co-education of the sexes as in our Boston University, and so mingling with their present foulness a stream of purity, we cannot say, but we see no prospect of immediate relief unless the power of the Protestant Christian women of America can be brought to bear.

We have no objection to prayers for the conversion of foreign heathen, but we know of nothing which can be more properly prayed for at the present time, in all our Protestant Churches, prayer meetings, and homes, than that the Almighty will be pleased to convert to civilization and humanity the far more dangerous heathen now being educated in some of our Higher Institutions of Learning to curse their country and the world.

OUR PRIZE STORIES AND SONGS.

In response to our offer, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," of three prizes of \$200 each for the three best stories of not less than 100 "Black Beauty" pages on the kind and cruel treatment of animals in our Northern, Western, and Southern States and Territories, twenty-two stories have been received; and in response to our offer of prizes amounting to \$100 for the best dock-tail songs, forty songs have been received. They are all in the hands of the committees, who will in due time report.

PRIZES OFFERED.

Prizes are offered by our "American Humane Education Society"—\$700 to all students in American Universities, Colleges, etc., for the best essays on "The Importance of Humane Education in our Higher Institutions of Learning and the best practical plans of promoting it."

\$100 each—

(1) To clergymen for the best essay on "The Moral Nature of the Horse."

(2) To Agricultural and Horse Publication Editors, Veterinary Surgeons, and Professional Horse Trainers for the best essay on "The Humane Training and Treatment of the Horse."

(3) To all persons for the best practical plan of decreasing vivisection in the United States of America.

Full particulars can be ascertained by writing the undersigned.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

In the "Boston Herald," of November 30th, we find that President Cleveland shot, on Nov. 29th, 126 snipe and 4 black ducks.

We hope he shot them to give to the sick poor, and not because he thought it fun to kill them.

Of how many he wounded but did not kill no mention is made.

We were told some time since by a Roman Catholic friend that one of the doctrines of his church is that a truly good man who by reason of false education is not a visible member may still be a good Roman Catholic.

If our incoming President was simply shooting and wounding these birds for fun, we are sorry that by reason of false education he must be reckoned outside the sympathy of the possibly a million American boys and girls who have been and are being taught in our upwards of fifteen thousand "Bands of Mercy" that there can be no fun in the useless killing and wounding of harmless living creatures.

Some years ago President Cleveland wore on his breast the badge of the "Bands of Mercy" while some thousands of school boys and girls marched by him in procession at Rochester, N. Y.

We have many times, in public addresses to large audiences, had occasion to mention this fact.

We hope he has not forgotten the words inscribed upon that badge.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

ANOTHER VIEW.

Will the long-tailed horse come in with the new national administration? It will if President Cleveland is permitted to set the fashion. He took a drive in Central Park Sunday behind his new pair of chestnuts, and it was noted that the tails of the handsome animals were neither docked nor banded.—Boston Herald, Dec. 13, 1892.

GOOD FOR THE NEW ORLEANS MULES.

We are pleased to find in the morning papers of December 31st that a New York syndicate has bought the street railroad system of New Orleans and will in the future use electricity instead of mules. We saw those mules in the winter of 1884-85 and how they were dealt with. We congratulate the mules.

THE TWO QUEENS.

In the Boston "Daily Evening Traveler," of December 8th, we find a comparison of the character of the two Queens of Portugal and Spain, and very much to the credit of the latter and to the discredit of the former. From the account we cut the following:—

"Queen Amelie of Portugal has given considerable offence to the queen regent of Spain by insisting, during her recent state visit with her husband to the court of Madrid, on attending a bull-fight. The queen regent, who is a delicate-minded woman, fond of animals, and who abhors cruelty in every form, absolutely loathes bull-fights, and notwithstanding her anxiety to do everything that lies in her power to popularize royalty for the sake of her little boy, she has been unable to bring herself to attend a single one since his birth."

Our kind wishes are for the queen of Spain.

OUR GOOD MISSIONARY MR. CHARLES S. HUBBARD.

We deeply regret to say that our good missionary who has recently been forming "Bands of Mercy" in all the public schools of Detroit, and was about to commence forming them in the parochial schools of that city, has been temporarily stricken down by what comes to all of us sooner or later—severe illness accompanied by great pain. We are glad to add that he is now sufficiently recovered to be able to be removed to his own Indiana home, where we hope—and all who are interested in the welfare of dumb animals should hope—for his quick recovery. Mr. Hubbard, as a member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, is welcomed by all religious denominations. He has done most successfully a most important and noble work, from which we hardly know how to spare him for a single month.

THE HUMANE CONGRESS AND THE FOUR GREAT QUESTIONS TO BE DISCUSSED.

We are happy to inform our readers that Director General Davis of the Chicago Exposition has written us that arrangements have been made for a full discussion of the four great questions we have suggested, namely—

- (1) How to abolish wars and great standing armies?
- (2) How to settle and stop the conflicts between capital and labor?
- (3) How to nip in the bud the pestilences that now sweep over the earth?
- (4) How to humanely educate the people of all nations for the prevention of cruelty both to our own and the lower races?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SAMUEL E. SAWYER WILL CASE.

As we go to press the will case of our good deceased friend Mr. Samuel E. Sawyer, who left some \$500,000 to various charitable objects, is on trial in our Supreme Court. Mr. Sawyer left neither wife nor child; and relatives, with whom he had little or no connection in his lifetime, now seek to break his will and appropriate the money.

We have known Mr. Sawyer for many years. He was one of the most able and valued of our "Board of Directors," and chairman of the trustees of our "Permanent Fund," whose accounts he kept with the utmost fidelity.

If the distinguished lawyer employed to break the will succeeds in doing it, there will be little surety that any of our friends who desire to leave money to charitable objects, and who have relatives with whom they do not care to associate, will ever succeed in their kind endeavors unless they transfer the property in their lifetime, taking, if necessary, agreements that it shall be returned to them if needed.

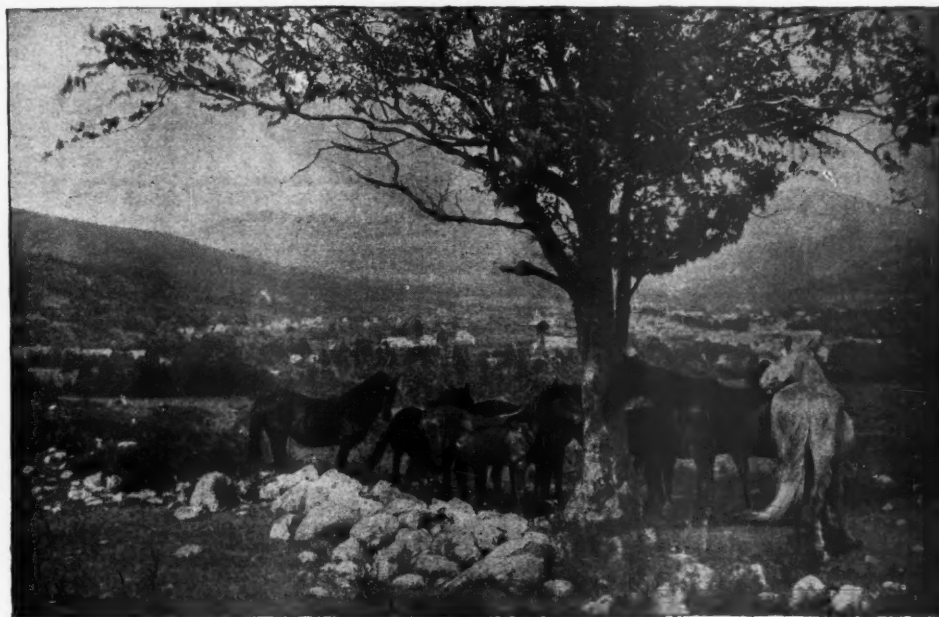
ANGELL—ANGEL.

A correspondent says there is a dispute over the right pronunciation of our name, and asks us to state in this paper how it is pronounced.

We answer, the additional "l" at the end does not change the pronunciation, which is the same as in the bible—Angel.

ANONYMOUS REQUESTS.

We often have requests by letter to send lots of humane literature to lots of people in different parts of the country,—the writers sending no money and signing no name. We cannot send on such requests, as we have no guaranty that the literature will not be wasted, and we cannot afford to waste or throw away a single dollar.



SUMMER IN GORHAM, N. H.

For this beautiful cut we are indebted to "Engraver and Printer," 84 Summer St., Boston.

VIVISECTION.

We have for some months been asking those who receive "Our Dumb Animals," which includes in the State all clergy, school superintendents, lawyers, doctors, postmasters, and a multitude of teachers and others, also all "Band of Mercy" members throughout the country and the editors of some twenty thousand American publications, including all in North America north of Mexico, to inform us of any case in which vivisection is practised in public or private schools. As we have not received a single response to this appeal, we are glad to be forced to the conclusion that such cases must be very few and far between.

GREEK "BLACK BEAUTY."

We have received \$150 to aid in translating and printing "Black Beauty" for circulation in Greece, where, as our readers know, it is greatly needed. Now we want some competent translator, as an act of humanity, to kindly give us this book in modern Greek. Who will undertake it?

SPANISH "BLACK BEAUTY."

Our Spanish edition of "Black Beauty," translated without charge, as a labor of humanity, by Mr. William D. Mayo, translator for the Department of State at Washington, and carefully reviewed without charge by Professor Jean de Peiffer, of the School of Languages, 180 Tremont Street, Boston, is now ready to go to press.

CRUELTY IN INDIA.

We have received the last annual report of the Calcutta Society P. C. A., showing that in the year 1891 this one society prosecuted in that city the enormous number of 8669 cases of cruelty, and convicted 8521. If this is the state of things in the city of Calcutta, what must it be throughout India, and how important it is to carry humane education into that country!

PERSIA.

It gives us pleasure to announce the receipt of an annual subscription of a hundred dollars from one of our New York friends, and to learn that she is sending our publications to fourteen gentlemen in Persia who speak the English language, and who, through other of our humane publications which she has sent them, are becoming deeply interested in our work. She anticipates that it may result in the establishing in Persia of a work similar to that of our "American Humane Education Society."

Never put iron or steel bits in a horse's mouth in frosty weather without first warming them. They will take the skin off the horse's tongue.

HE FEEDS THE PIGEONS.

We are glad to know that Mr. H. B. Fisher, No. 504 Tremont St., feeds every morning, about 7.30, about seventy-five pigeons. It has sometimes seemed to us as though pretty nearly all the pigeons in the city came to our windows for food, and we are glad to know that another man has gone into the business.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

AN INTELLIGENT PONY.

BY BEATRICE.

Mrs. Daniel M. Moulton, of Jamaica Plain, owns and drives the most intelligent Shetland pony it has ever been our good fortune to see. On entering the barn we were formally introduced to this prince of pets, when the following bit of by-play took place between mistress and pony.

"Dick, these ladies do not belong here; put them out!" Dick came stamping toward us with his mane erect, seeming determined to protect his home from invasion.

"That will do; now come back, and show them your pretty face." Dick walked demurely to his mistress's side, turned around, and peeped shyly through his forelocks.

"There is one side of your neck very handsome: show it to the ladies." Turning his head, he exhibited a large, pure-white spot, which he seemed extremely proud of.

"Now, what is mistress proud of when she goes to ride?" Turning completely around, he lashed his long black tail back and forth in a very decided manner.

"Dear me! where's my handkerchief?" Down went Dick's nose to her pocket; and with his teeth he drew out the missing article, gently placing it in the lady's hand.

"If you would like some oats you must speak for them." A long, sharp neigh was his answer, when he was supplied with the article wanted.

"And now," said our hostess, "you must let me drive you up to Dick's birthplace, so you can see how well he remembers his old home."

Dick's sire and dam were imported from Shetland by a lawyer named Austin, from whom his present owner purchased him. As soon as he struck the road, he started into a rapid trot; and it was really amusing to see the little fellow strain and pull, trying to pass every team upon the road.

Of his own accord he turned up the broad carriage-drive leading to his former home, stopped in front of each door, listened, looked up at the windows, vainly trying to see some familiar face; and when at last he reached a level green where a portion of his babyhood had been spent, he looked anxiously over it, neighed long and mournfully, then walked towards the road.

Dick is ten years old, weighs five hundred pounds, is of a dark chestnut color bordering on black, with a black mane, and tall that sweeps the ground, and he knows no more the use of a whip than as though one had never been made.

Happy little Dick! May the loving hearts of those who care for you never stop beating while you live!

Three things to teach—truth, industry, and contentment.



MUTILATING FOR LIFE.



Note the averted face, the outstretched hand! We can almost hear her say—Begone!!

OUR REAL ARISTOCRACY.

In our November paper we said we were assured that the real aristocracy of Boston were using *unmutilated* horses.

If any of our readers would like to know who are the real aristocracy of Boston, they will find some of the best of them in the following list:—

PROMINENT LADIES.

PROTEST OF EIGHTY-TWO BOSTON LADIES AGAINST THE CRUEL PRACTICE.

The undersigned ladies protest against the present practice of docking the tails of horses, as a *painful and cruel operation, as a mutilation of the animal for life, and as a fashion devoid of grace and beauty*:—

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Martin Brimmer, Mrs. John Bigelow, Mrs. Amos A. Lawrence, Mrs. O. W. Peabody, Mrs. J. T. Cushing, Mrs. Charles W. Eliot, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, Miss Anna C. Lowell, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, Mrs. Algernon Coolidge, Mrs. P. H. Sears, Mrs. Chas. P. Putnam, Mrs. Wm. F. Cary, Miss M. M. Hunt, Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Walter C. Cabot, Mrs. Francis P. Sprague, Mrs. Edward Cunningham, Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. F. W. Sargent, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Jr., Mrs. F. R. Sears, Jr., Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman, Mrs. A. S. Wheeler, Mrs. G. A. Hilton, Mrs. Dwight, Miss Lyman, Miss Wharton, Miss Annie P. Loring, Miss Dodge, Miss Alice Russell, Miss Goddard, Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, Miss Edith Rotch, Miss Miriam P. Loring, Miss A. Morrill, Miss Sarah C. Paine, Mrs. Francis Brooks, Mrs. John Lowell, Mrs. Rotch, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. C. J. Paine, Mrs. J. Collins Warren, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Eliza C. Winthrop, Mrs. Geo. Batey Blake, Miss Lucy A. Folger, Mrs. George J. Fiske, Mrs. R. D. Smith, Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, Jr., Mrs. W. P. Lyman, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. Walter Dabney, Mrs. Mary B. Clafin, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Richard Codman, Mrs. Francis Allen, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Mrs. Parkinson, Mrs. Richard Warren, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. David W. Cheever, Miss M. P. Sears, Miss S. D. Gore, Miss A. M. Storer, Miss Lily Bangs, Miss Marianne Paine, Miss Lily Ward, Miss A. L. Sears, Miss M. G. Storer, Miss Helen Paine, Miss A. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Chas. G. Loring, Miss Clara T. Endicott, Miss Sarah B. Fay, Mrs. Charles H. Dorr, Mrs. George W. Wales, Miss Helen Loring.

DOCKING HORSES—\$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

The most dangerous "charge of the *light brigade*" is that made by the gas office.—*Columbus Post*.

HOW PONTO WENT TO CHURCH.

It was laughingly said in Uncle Jerry's family that Ponto was a pious dog, for he always followed the carryall to church, and lingered to return home with his friends after service. This was considered a rather decorous trait in the dog, and even Deacon Jerry was known to crack a mild joke on Ponto's regularity in "*assembling himself together*" on Sunday morning.

But one bright Sabbath, when the apple trees were in blossom, and the factory girls had donned their new straw bonnets, and all the more fortunate boys were looking so spruce in their fresh spring suits that it was a pleasure as well as a duty to present themselves at the quaint village church, Ponto resolved to be no longer a *doorkeeper in the house of the Lord*, and accordingly he sidled up the aisle after his mistress and followed her into the pew. When he showed no disposition to regard her hint to go out as he came in, the timid lady concluded to let him be where he was, hoping against hope that he would disturb no one. Uncle Jerry owned two pews, and Ponto might, during good behavior, be allowed to spread himself in one of them. His demeanor was reverential enough for a time, but when the immemorial seamstress of the family appeared at the door of the pew, escorted by a suitor from a distance, who was hospitably entertained at the deacon's house in view of the fact that he was a man of substance and a class-leader withal, Ponto challenged the latter with a few gruff notes that decided the worthy couple to retire to another seat. He had taken an obstinate dislike to Sarah's choice, based, it was hinted, on canine jealousy, and this was his opportunity to show it. The embarrassment of the devoted pair was increased by the significant glances of the younger members of the congregation; but it was of brief duration, being effectually relieved by Ponto himself.

When the organ voluntary (one of Mendelssohn's songs without words) began, he arose on his hind legs, placed his fore-paws on the back of the pew, and resting his nose on them, *sent forth a series of penitential howls that must have come from the inmost recesses of his dog soul*. All the lapses of his mature life, all the forgotten peccadillos of his youth, the very vagaries of his puppyhood, passed before him in fearful array. That lace bonnet of Abby's that he snook to pieces; that melodeon cover that he chewed up and hid in the currant bushes; that kitten that he kept trembling in the top of the pear-tree all one morning—*Miserere!*

His mistress, at the first utterance of his confession, strove to divert his mind from the painful subject by inviting him out into the sunshine and free air, but not an inch would he budge till he had made a clean breast of it, and had ruined Miss Simkin's beautiful voluntary in the process.

Then, with the assistance of his young master, just arrived at the dignity of a cane and tall coat, he was led out into the aisle, but instead of turning toward the door of egress, he made for the pulpit, which he invaded with a bound, and quitted with equal precipitancy on the other side. Before any one had the presence of mind to open the east door for him, around he came into the Deacon's aisle again, and by that time his pursuers had crossed in front of the pews to the other side.

Two or three turns like this for that modest dame, the deacon's wife, and that sensitive young man, the deacon's son, in the face of a congregation at once tittering and awe-struck, constituted an experience to be remembered for a lifetime.

"Oh, I can laugh now," said the deacon's wife, in recalling the incident, "but I thought I should die then."

A fortunate doubling on the intruder, an open door, a waving tail, a brandished cane, and then a sudden exit of two of the actors left the exhausted matron free to drop into a rear pew and collect her thoughts as best she might.

That new rattan cane was never seen thereafter, and there were those who believed that Ponto had a taste of its quality that embittered his ecclesiastical views to the end of life.

After the service Deacon Jerry said: "Boys, you must tie Ponto up next Sunday morning."

Sunday morning came, but no Ponto was to be found. On the arrival of the family at church there he was, awaiting them; but he showed no inclination to enter.

From that time until the day of his death Ponto never failed to disappear early Sunday morning, and to reappear in the churchyard at half-past ten. But never again did he cross the threshold of the church door.—MARY J. JACQUES, in *Colman's Rural World*.

HE GOT THE PLACE.

In one of our exchanges we find an interesting account of a small boy who, to help his poor mother, tried to secure a position in a banker's office. He was small of his age and feared he might not get the place. Some fifty boys were waiting to see the banker, and here we begin:—

There was an excitement on the street, loud talking mingled with profanity, and the boys, hearing the noise, went out to join the spectators.

It was such a scene as one sees occasionally in the streets. A heavily-laden truck. A tired beast of burden refusing to go further from sheer exhaustion and overwork. A great brutal fellow with arms uplifted, ready to bring the lash down on the quivering flesh.

A number of trucks were waiting for the refractory animal to move on, the drivers not in the best of humor, as some of them urged their companion "to give it to him!" as they termed it.

Once more the lash was uplifted to come down with brutal force, when suddenly from out the throng a small boy with a pale, resolute face stepped forth, and going to the side of the truck said, loud enough to be heard by all:

"Stop beating your horse!"

The driver looked amazed. Such a little fellow to utter the command.

"What did you say, youngster?" he asked on gaining his self-possession. "Did you tell me to stop lickin' this 'ere hoss?" He added: "'Cause if you did I'll break this whip across your face!"

His temper was rising. The great veins swelled out on his temple, as stooping down he fairly yelled:

"Let go, I tell you."

The boy did not flinch, although the whip was uplifted, while the horse, who already recognized in him a friend, rubbed his nose gently against the sleeve of his faded blue jacket. The big brutal driver, inwardly admiring the little boy's pluck and beginning to realize that he was not to be frightened by threats, changed his manner and said:

"I don't want to get in any trouble, youngster, see! I'll try and coax the critter along."

He got down from his elevated position. A few kind words and the horse moved on with a low whinny, as if to say to his little rescuer:

"Thank you for your kindness, my boy."

As the crowd dispersed, one seedy looking individual remarked to his companion:

"I say, Billy, the kid's made of the right kind of stuff."

Another of the spectators, a middle-aged man, with a thoughtful, serious face, richly dressed in fur-lined coat, held the same opinion.

"A wonderful boy!" he inwardly commented. "Brave and self-reliant; I like his face, too: an open, manly countenance. Just such a lad as I should like to have about me. By the way," glancing at his timepiece, "that reminds me I have advertised for an office boy and should be at my desk."

Five minutes later he was seated in his office interviewing the applicants. One after another he dismissed, but when another applicant entered, the banker's face beamed with pleasure as he recognized the little defender.

He found him a good penman, neat in personal appearance and well recommended; and Harold Dean entered the banker's office at four dollars a week instead of the usual price, three, and is now not only helping his good mother, but on the way to a fortunate and happy life.

A LEOPARD TAMED BY A PERFUME.

Wild animals are completely fascinated and can be tamed by perfumes. There was a Mrs. Lee, in India, who had a tame leopard that played in the house with her children. He was very inquisitive, as all of the cat tribe are, and loved to stand on his hind legs, with his fore paws on the window sill, and look at the passers-by.

When the children wanted the place for themselves they would all take hold of his tail and pull him down by that; he was generally very amiable, but sometimes, his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched. So Mrs. Lee taught Sal to keep his claws sheathed by giving him when he did so a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped.

This would throw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over them on the floor. With nothing but a bottle of lavender water I have become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigress, and a lioness in a menagerie.

REV. J. G. WOOD.

GOLDEN GATES.

Music by Mrs. H. H. A. BEACH.

[illegible]

Copyright, 1893, by ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.

THE FIRST MASS EVER WRITTEN BY
A WOMAN.

Our good friend Mrs. Dr. Beach, of Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, has the high honor of having composed the first Mass ever written by a woman.

First performed by our "*Handel and Haydn Society*" in Boston last winter, it is fast giving Mrs. Beach a *national* reputation, which is quite likely to soon become, from its performance at Rome and elsewhere, *international*.

Mrs. Beach has also written, at the request of the "Lady Managers of the 'World's Exposition,'" a "Festival Jubilate" for the dedication ceremonies of the "Woman's Building" next May.

Some time since she saw in "*Our Dumb*

Animals" a beautiful little poem, which so struck her that she has set it to music, and by her kind permission we have the pleasure of presenting it as above to our readers.

NOT A CHILD'S PAPER.

We have many manuscripts sent us by writers who do not seem to be familiar with our paper, and seem to labor under the impression that *very good little stories for small children* are quite suitable for our columns. To all such we would say that while we intend every number of "*Our Dumb Animals*" to contain much which will be read with pleasure by both old and young, its chief aim is not to please children *but to interest the men and women who can influence the world.*

A GRATEFUL STORK.

A story of a stork is told by a German paper. About the end of March, 1891, a pair of storks took up their abode on the roof of the schoolhouse in the village of Poppenhofen. One of the birds appeared to be exhausted by its long journey and the bad weather it had passed through. On the morning after its arrival the bird was found by the schoolmaster lying on the ground before the schoolhouse door. The man, who, like all Germans, considered it a piece of good luck to have the stork's nest on his house, picked up the bird and took it indoors. He nursed it carefully and when it was convalescent used every morning to carry it to the fields a short distance from the house, where its mate appeared regularly at the same hour to supply it with food. The stork is now cured; and every evening it flies down from the roof and gravely walks by the side of its friend from the schoolhouse to the meadows, accompanied by a wondering crowd of children.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

"A painting by Albert Durer presents this picture of the Christ-child, on the shoulders of the giant, His little hand resting on the bushy hair of the giant.

"All through France, Germany, and Italy gigantic images of this saint are to be seen; and they are often found with this inscription: 'Whoever shall behold the image of St. Christopher shall not faint or fall on that day.'"

We shall not be surprised if this poem is copied into a thousand American papers:—

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

In the pleasant land of Canaan dwelt the giant Offero,
Full of prowess, brave this warrior, mighty with the sword and bow,
All his life had he been seeking service with a mighty king,
To the greatest earthly monarch he would ready service bring.

Now, he knew not Christ or Satan, for a heathen man was he,
But he saw the king his master sometimes pause and bend his knee,
And at the name of Satan he would cross himself in fear,
And he told the giant bearer that he felt him very near.

Then up spoke the stalwart giant, "My master must not know
What it is to fear and tremble at the name of any foe.
So I leave your service straightway, and journey till I find
If this stronger king and wiser shall be more unto my mind."

So he wandered, seeking Satan up and down the mountain steep,
Far across the trackless desert, through great forests lone and deep,
And he rested not or faltered till the Arch Fiend he had found,
And he bowed himself before him, with his face upon the ground,
Crying out, "I lie before thee, prostrate in the very dust,
May my right hand fall, if ever it prove recreant to thy trust."

Then the subtle, wily tempter answered, "Join my ranks, I pray,
I have need of royal servants, so I welcome you to-day!"

And they journeyed on together, striding o'er the sunny land,
Past the waters of the desert with its heaps of golden sand:

Till anear an ancient city they paused to rest and drink
From a little wayside fountain with a cross above its brink—
Just a little cross of carving with a figure graven there;
Yet to drink from that pure fountain even Satan did not dare.

"Ah, my master," quoth the giant, "I have loved thy service well;
But before this cross thou tremblest, and thou must the reason tell."

"Ay, I tremble," answered Satan, "on this cross the Saviour died;
He, the Lord of earth and heaven, greater than all kings beside,
Now is crowned with might and glory, seated on His Father's throne,
With both earth and hell beneath him—this is Christ whose power I own."

"Then I leave thee," quoth the giant, "and I seek the Holy One.
He shall be the King, my Father, and I will be His son."

So he left the Arch-deceiver, and he wandered far and wide,
Asking where to find this Saviour, who for love of sinners died.

Then an ancient hermit met him journeying on his weary way,
And he taught the giant bearer how to Jesus he should pray;
Taught him of the great All-Father, who was pitiful and kind;
Till the scales fell from his vision, and he saw, who once was blind.

Longed he then with deeds of daring, love and fealty them to bring,
To the feet of his new Master, Christ the Lord, who was his King!

"Knowest thou a deep, wide river?" asked the hermit old and gray,
"Rushing down between dark chasms, cleaving through the rock its way?"

Strong and rapid is the current, and upon its dreary shore
Many pause and shrink affrighted, daring not to venture o'er.

"Thou canst aid them, mighty giant, thou canst lend a helping hand,
And if Christ the Master will it, thou canst bring them safe to hand."

So went Offero rejoicing, crossed the foaming, swollen tide,
Built a simple hut of branches, and became the pilgrim's guide.

Many fainting souls he strengthened, many saved from death and loss,

While all the time before him rose that figure on the cross—

Rose the figure, fair and saintly, deep the wounds on hands and feet,
With a face of wondrous beauty, and a smile both pure and sweet.

"Thou art doing well, brave giant, keep thy faith in Him who died!"

These the words that ever sounded clear above the roaring tide;

And his soul was greatly strengthened by these words of holy cheer,
And he labored on untiring, feeling neither pain nor fear.

Now, one night, when he was sleeping in his hut beside the stream,
Faintly calling, calling, broke a voice upon his dream.

"Offero!" it still kept calling; "wake at once, good Offero,
Carry me across the river, thou wilt bear me safe, I know."

Now the waves were tossing wildly, and the winds rose fierce and high,
Yet above the roar of tempest, floated down that childish cry.

"I am weary!" it kept calling, "I am weary with the fight,
Come and bear me safely over, in your giant arms to-night!"

"I am coming," called the bearer, "I am coming to your aid,
With my good and trusty palm-staff, little one, be not afraid."

Then the angry clouds just parted, and a trembling moonbeam shone,
Down upon the foaming waters—struggling there a child alone.

Then he caught the little stranger, laid the golden head to rest,

Wound his giant arms about him, folded him upon his breast.

"Courage!" cried the stalwart giant, "I will bring you safe to shore;"

But the child made never answer, only clinging as before.

And the waves rolled high and higher, and the burden heavier grew—

Scarcely 'gainst the angry current could the giant struggle through,

Yet he toiled on, breasting bravely, raging wind and stormy tide—

With the aid of his good palm tree safely reached the other side,

"Ah! whom have I borne?" he murmured, "who is it my strength has tried?"

Then the child looked up and answered: "'Tis the Lord who for thee died!"

Long hast thou desired to see Me, long desired thy love to prove,

Know to-night that thou hast borne Me, and I bless thee with My love.

Plant thy palm tree now, good bearer, here upon the solid earth,

And its tender shoots uprising shall be type of thy new birth.

And at the instant bidding budded forth the tender green,

Clustering dates hung from its branches—stranger sight was never seen.

PLEASE
BLANKET YOUR HORSES
WHILE STOPPING
MASS. SOC. P. C. TO ANIMALS



OUR BANNER.

When he finds in front of some great dry-goods store a coachman covered with furs, and his horses standing without blankets, he stops—plants the pole of his standard on the sidewalk—a crowd gathers—and the good lady never forgets thereafter to have her horses suitably protected.

Then the raging wind was silenced, and a voice both sweet and low
Whispered "He who bore the Saviour shall be called Christ Offero!"
Then the child most quickly vanished, and alone as heretofore,
Stood the giant by the river, gazing on the other shore.

Still in quaint old German cities, on the hillsides clad with vine,
In the castle, in the hamlet, and along the flowing Rhine—

When the quiet summer sunsets die behind the glowing west,

And the wee ones, tired of playing, lean upon the mother's breast—

Is the legend oft repeated—rich and poor and high and low

Tell the children of the giant who became Christ Offero.

— From Cloverly.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

TO WARMER CLIMES.

With folded wing
The tiniest of birds that sing
Lay in the downy nest I made
Within the elm trees' gentle shade.
Whatever birds might come and go,
Glad had I been to keep it so,
And guard it, nightly slumbering
With folded wing.

With wide-stretched wing
And many a feeble fluttering
It strove, against my wish and care,
To try the wonders of the air:
And from the sheltered nest I made,
I saw it in the distance fade,
Southward and hopeward hastening
With wide-stretched wing.

F. W. HUTT.

One of England's most disreputable dukes did a useful thing last week. He died.—Boston Pilot.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

IS THE ROBIN A PEST?

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York city, who recently shot, for fun, 27 robins and various other small birds, on Staten Island, and paid \$155 in fines for doing it, states in his published apology that he supposed the robin a pest. What astonishing ignorance for a clergyman! It is the unanimous verdict of all scientific men that this bird is one of our greatest benefactors, without whose services the work of the farmer and horticulturist would often prove in vain. He is almost exclusively insectivorous.

In June, 1833, I counted the number of trips a pair of robins made in a single hour, from 7 to 8 A. M., to feed their triplet of little yellow-mouthed, half-grown young ones in a nest near my study window, and found it reached the great number of nineteen, they often bringing more than one large worm at a time.

Wilson Flagg, an acute and accurate observer, says, "I am now fully persuaded that the robin is valuable beyond all other species of birds, and that his services are absolutely indispensable to the farmers of New England."

He is specially valuable as the destroyer of the cut worm, which emerges from the soil during the night and is caught by the robin, which is the earliest bird to go abroad in the morning, apparently for the special purpose of capturing these worms before they retreat to their holes just as the sun begins to peep above the horizon. This worm is very prolific and sometimes so numerous, says Dr. Harris, as to destroy whole corn-fields. The services of the robin in destroying this pest are estimated by competent experts to be worth from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 per annum in the United States; which sum would go far toward paying for "the medal" which the reverend sportsman wishes awarded to the man that first discovered music in the song of the robin.

Roxbury, Dec., 1892.

L. M. CHASE.

FOR CANARIES.

A friend writes suggesting that animal food should be given canaries. We have always believed in giving them a variety of vegetable food, including bread soaked with milk, etc., etc. Will our readers as have had experience please tell us what they think about giving them animal food?

Great Politician: What must I do to gain the unanimous applause of the press?

Answer: Die. — Chicago Blade.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

AN EQUINE ACQUAINTANCE.

One of the handsomest horses in Dorchester, Mass., belongs to Studley Brothers.

Recently they were repairing the writer's house, leaving their team standing at the door, when she passed out, and noticing the fine gray horse, and having time to spare, crossed the street, pulled some grass and brought it back to him. Then the affair passed from her mind.

Two or three weeks after, on a different street, she was walking fast, when "a gray horse" that was standing by the sidewalk stepped up and insisted that he knew her. Being in haste, she retreated rather startled, having no idea it was any horse she had seen before. But on his second attempt to renew her acquaintance she glanced back at the team, and read "Studley Bros." Then she had to stop and acknowledge her superior in recognizing an acquaintance. She noticed that he kept opening his mouth to remind her that she had fed him before. After looking on both sides of the street she saw that the grass was too short and told him so. But he did not seem at all satisfied, so she went back to the next house, reached over the fence and pulled some grass. The horse turned his head, watched her and whinnied.

She probably had no expectation of meeting the horse again, but soon after she had the pleasure of being a third time recognized by the handsome fellow, who expressed his gratification by several whinnies.

ALICE M. PORTER.

611 Broadway, Somerville.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

JEALOUSY.

A young man of my acquaintance has owned for some years a dog who has been his constant companion. Recently the young man has married, and has moved with his bride and dog into a house on the opposite side of the street from his father's house, his former home. The dog has been evidently unhappy, for the time and attention formerly his are given to the young wife. In many ways he has shown his unhappiness, in spite of the fact that his master has tried to reconcile him, and the young bride to win him. The other day, when his master came home, his wife sat on his knee while Jack was lying by the fire. He rose from his place, came over to the couple, and expressed his disapproval. "Why, Jack," said his master, "this is all right; she's a good girl," and as he spoke he patted her arm. Jack looked up at him, turned away, and left the room. In a moment they heard a noise, and going into the hall found Jack dragging his bed down stairs. When he reached the front door he whined to be let out, and when the door was opened he dragged his bed down the steps, across the street to his old home, where he scratched for admittance. Since then he has never been back to his master, refusing all overtures.



A KNIGHT OF THE AMERICAN ORDER OF CHIVALRY CALLED "BANDS OF MERCY."

From Lee & Shepard's beautiful holiday book, with over 100 illustrations, entitled "The New England Country."

ONE OF OUR GOOD FRIENDS

In Equitable Building sends us the following, cut from some paper, with request that we will publish. Well, we are glad to republish, though we wrote it ourself some fifteen years ago in our "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," of which in various forms hundreds of thousands of copies have been circulated. It is, we understand, one of our publications now used in the public schools of New Zealand:—

WHAT WE OWE TO ANIMALS.

Those who have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, the sailor who was shipwrecked on an island not inhabited by white men, will remember how he soon made companions of the various animals he found there, and with their aid sustained life until he was rescued. If one of us should be shipwrecked on a desert island where no animals lived—no horses to draw us, no ox to toll for us, no cow or goat to give us milk, no sheep to give us wool, no hen to give us eggs, no dog to be our companion and guard us in the night, no cat to lie on the hearth, no birds to sing their songs, no living creature to keep us company, no sound of any living thing by day or night; only solitude and silence everywhere, with nothing to eat but such roots as we could dig from the earth, and nothing to wear but such bark as we could pluck from the tree—we should then know how much we owe to these creatures which God has mercifully provided for our use. And ever afterwards, if we escaped from such a life, how grateful we should be to God for giving them, and how grateful to them for the service they render us.

It has been said by those who have studied, that if only the birds were all destroyed, we could not live on the earth; for the insects which birds eat would destroy all vegetation and all human life would perish.

JACK FROST.

Jack Frost, he is with us again;
He comes every winter, you know;
But we're hardy and bold,
And we don't mind the cold,
And we welcome the ice and the snow.
Jack Frost plays a rough sort of game
With the children wherever he goes;
He pinches their cheeks;
Their noses he twinks;
And he treads on their ten little toes.
Jack Frost makes the ground rather hard,
But with thick boots we clatter about;
And we run till our breath
Puffs away like a wreath
Of white steam from the teakettle's spout.
Jack Frost lays his hand on the pond,
And turns it to glittering ice;
Then the skaters they glide,
And the sliders they slide;
Just think of that, isn't it nice?
Jack Frost is sure to be found
Where the sleigh-bells are tinkling clear;
As the horses, so strong,
Canter gayly along,
While the lads give a shout and a cheer.
Jack Frost, then you're welcome again;
Of pleasures you bring us a store;
But be mild as you can,
Oh, you fierce little man!
When you visit the feeble and poor.

Small talk—the baby's.

THE OVER-REFINEMENT OF PHILANTHROPY.

We are pleased to find in the November "Animal World," London, under the above heading, the following, quoted from this paper:—

"Under the above title we find in a Boston paper the first criticism we have seen in the thousand or more notices of *Black Beauty* given by the American press. The writer, admitting that it is a 'very charming book,' argues that horses enjoy being compelled by whip and spur to make ten-mile runs at their utmost speed, and jump ditches, fences, hedges, etc., at the risk of breaking their legs as *Black Beauty's* brother did, and then being shot; and that depriving men of such sports makes them weak and effeminate.

In *The Recollections of General Grant*, recently sent us by its author, Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and which now lies on our table, we find that General Grant venerated his mother, loved his family, and seemed happiest when surrounded by his devoted and loving wife, children, and grandchildren; but he never could be induced to attend a horse race.

It occurs to us also that we have read many times of the remarkably extreme tenderness for dumb animals shown by that hero of modern Italy, Garibaldi.

We doubt whether the young man who, in pursuit of a harmless and frightened hare, rode *Black Beauty's* brother to its and his own death, would have fought more bravely for his country than either of the men above named. There is a vast difference between brutality and courage.

What the world needs to-day is not the courage of the prize-fighter,—we have too much of that already—but the courage of General Grant and Garibaldi—the courage which has led thousands—when there was need—to die, not only on battlefields, but in yellow fever hospitals, at the martyr's stake, and on the cross.

Such courage has never been promoted by brutal sports which endanger either human or harmless animal life.—GEO. T. ANGELL."

FALSE KINDNESS.

The softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh, everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat!"
So when she on the table sprang,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But if I had been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind!
Now, large and quick, and strong of will,
She'll spring upon the table still,
And, spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;
And everybody says, "Scat! scat!"
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"
But I, who have heard them, know, with shame,
I only am the one to blame,
For in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.

MARIAN DOUGLAS, in Harper's Young People.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to
seize every opportunity to say a
*kind word, or do a kind act that*will make some other human being
or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 14947 Rose Band.
P., Miss Stapleton.
- 14948 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Howe.
- 14949 Violet Band.
P., Miss Hopper.
- 14950 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Powell.
- 14951 Buttercup Band.
P., Miss Larkin.
- 14952 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Buckley.
- 14953 Lilac Band.
P., Miss Murphy.
- 14954 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss Holmes.
- 14955 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Miss Halloran.
- 14956 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Monaghan.
- 14957 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Alford.
- 14958 Snowball Band.
P., Miss Stringer.
- 14959 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Bull.
- 14960 Johnston School.
Neverfail Band.
P., Lizzie C. Richardson.
- 14961 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss McMahon.
- 14962 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Buchan.
- 14963 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Gregory.
- 14964 Croton, N. Y.
Pansy Band.
P., Miss Bertha Wheat.
- 14965 Ocean Grove, N. J.
Asbury Park Band.
P., Miss E. Trout.
- 14966 Bradford, Vt.
Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss E. Davis.
- 14967 Point Washington, Wis.
Kind Hearts Band.
P., Mrs. W. P. Lech.
- 14968 Watertown, Ohio.
Watertown Band.
P., C. F. Shinn.
- 14969 Alton, Ill.
Alton Band.
P., Howard Gray.
- 14970 Farmington, Me.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Grace Perkins.
- 14971 Little Soldiers Band.
P., Annie M. McKenzie.
- 14972 St. Paul, Minn.
Dayton's Bluff Band.
P., Charles W. Fee.
- 14973 Tomahawk, Wis.
Junior Young People's S.C.E.
P., Mrs. Thompson.
- 14974 Rundells, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Iva Rogers.
- 14975 Alexander, N. Y.
Love One Another Band.
P., Maggie Kerr.
- 14976 Bath, Me.
Dummer St. Band.
P., Grace Baker.
- 14977 Beacon Point.
P., E. J. Douglas.
- 14978 Detroit, Mich.
Trowbridge School.
Whittier Band.
P., Miss M. A. King.
- 14979 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Yeager.
- 14980 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss Reekie.
- 14981 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Corkins.
- 14982 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Nott.
- 14983 Goldsmith Band.
P., Miss Goodrich.
- 14984 Thoreau Band.
P., Miss McCulloch.
- 14985 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Heller.
- 14986 Golden Rule Band.
P., Annie S. Corkins.
- 14987 Lily Band.
P., Miss Anderson.
- 14988 Tulip Band.
P., Alice J. Birc.
- 14989 Violet Band.
P., Miss Levering.
- 14990 Pansy Band.
P., Gracie Kay.
- 14991 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Brown.
- 14992 Hickey School.
Oriole Band.
P., Miss C. E. Cogger.
- 14993 Robin Band.
P., Josie Brennan.
- 14994 Canary Band.
P., Carrie Beavis.
- 14995 Blue Bird Band.
P., Jessie McKaig.
- 14996 Firman School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Emma R. Gray.
- 14997 Neverfail Band.
P., Carrie Ryan.
- 14998 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Anderson.
- 14999 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Stark.
- 15000 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Cousins.
- 15001 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. De Marrigold.
- 15002 Custer School.
Lily Band.
P., Mary E. Markey.
- 15003 Violet Band.
P., Miss Hardie.
- 15004 Farrand School.
Forget-me-not Band.
P., Millie H. Dole.
- 15005 Violet Band.
P., Miss Louny.
- 15006 Rose Band.
P., Miss Sales.
- 15007 Verbena Band.
P., Miss Kinney.
- 15008 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Jones.
- 15009 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Camparo.
- 15010 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Bettys.
- 15011 Chaney School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss M. Law.
- 15012 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Bedford.
- 15013 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Clements.
- 15014 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Deming.
- 15015 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss McLean.
- 15016 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Muir.
- 15017 John Owen School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Kate E. Leneghan.
- 15018 Whittier Band.
P., Kate Dustin.
- 15019 Golden Rule Band.
P., R. A. Dustin.
- 15020 Lily Band.
P., Miss Miller.
- 15021 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Fitzgerald.
- 15022 Morning Glory Band.
P., Miss Hamah.
- 15023 Violet Band.
P., Miss Sullivan.
- 15024 Buttercup Band.
P., Mary Stewart.
- 15025 Wide Awake Band.
P., Belle Stuart.
- 15026 Livermore School.
Pansy Band.
P., Sarah Whitley.
- 15027 Daisy Band.
P., Effie S. Proctor.
- 15028 Newberry School.
Rose Band.
P., B. A. Nolan.
- 15029 Verbena Band.
P., Miss Mettetal.
- 15030 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Giddey.
- 15031 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Peageot.
- 15032 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Staub.
- 15033 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Mott.
- 15034 Buttercup Band.
P., Miss O'Toole.
- 15035 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Conlon.
- 15036 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss Snook.
- 15037 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Tackabury.
- 15038 Star Band.
P., Mary A. Alt.
- 15039 Hope Band.
P., Miss Burke.
- 15040 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Staub.
- 15041 Campbell School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Albina Aldridge.
- 15042 Lily Band.
P., Albina Perrucker.
- 15043 Daisy Band.
P., Albina Schneidewind.
- 15044 Pansy Band.
P., Albina Treacey.
- 15045 Hope Band.
P., Albina Walker.
- 15046 Sunbeam Band.
P., Albina Dees.
- 15047 Webster School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Mr. C. B. Hall.
- 15048 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Holmes.
- 15049 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Palmer.
- 15050 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Bostwick.
- 15051 Grant Band.
P., Miss Craddock.
- 15052 Garfield Band.
P., Miss Moore.
- 15053 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Metzen.
- 15054 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Sharp.
- 15055 Helping Hand Band.
P., Mrs. M. A. O'Dea.
- 15056 Neverfail Band.
P., Mrs. N. H. Hunt.
- 15057 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Nicholson.
- 15058 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Roat.
- 15059 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Lovejoy.
- 15060 Hope Band.
P., Miss Sutherland.
- 15061 Star Band.
P., Miss Carter.
- 15062 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Sutton.
- 15063 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Skinner.
- 15064 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Walker.
- 15065 Redbird Band.
P., Miss Bates.
- 15066 Robin Band.
P., Miss Jordan.
- 15067 Canary Band.
P., Miss Lamb.
- 15068 Busy Bees Band.
P., Miss Kern.
- 15069 Tilden School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Ella M. Shernan.
- 15070 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Buchanan.
- 15071 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Beavis.
- 15072 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Gilchrist.
- 15073 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Lerhincen.
- 15074 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss McKernail.
- 15075 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Moran.
- 15076 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Yuest.
- 15077 Hope Band.
P., Miss Priest.
- 15078 Sunbeam Band.
P., Ada Rouse.
- 15079 Pansy Band.
P., Nettie Rouse.
- 15080 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Sanders.
- 15081 Lily Band.
P., Miss Swan.
- 15082 Little Helpers Band.
P., Emma Weatherby.
- 15083 Rosebud Band.
P., Lilian Weatherby.
- 15084 Craft School.
Violet Band.
P., E. A. Lantz.
- 15085 Rose Band.
P., E. S. Hill.
- 15086 Lily Band.
P., Miss Moore.
- 15087 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Hulme.
- 15088 Alton, Ill.
Lincoln Band.
P., Nola Joesting.
- 15089 Cottageville, Ky.
Cottageville Band.
P., Louanna Gillespie.
- 15090 Cabin Creek Band.
P., Mary Cooper.
- 15091 Sparta, Wis.
State Public School Band.
P., Etta Killinar.
- 15092 Mason City, Iowa.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Prof. Y. G. Barnell.
- 15093 M. E. Sunday School Band.
P., John S. Stanbery.
- 15094 New Hampton, Iowa.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Prof. H. H. Monlux.
- 15095 Rockville, Conn.
Persevere Band.
P., Clara F. Packard.
- 15096 Milldale, Conn.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. M. H. Murphy.
- 15097 Detroit, Mich.
Nichols School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Eliza S. Foote.
- 15098 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss S. V. McGregory.
- 15099 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss E. M. Groh.
- 15100 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss M. E. Austin.
- 15101 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Emma Eby.
- 15102 Lily Band.
P., Miss McGreevy.
- 15103 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Harriman.
- 15104 Everett School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., L. E. Rohert.
- 15105 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Hart.
- 15106 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Southall.
- 15107 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Carey.
- 15108 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss McCarthy.
- 15109 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Conney.
- 15110 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Richards.
- 15111 Hope Band.
P., Miss Noble.
- 15112 Star Band.
P., Miss Wyde.
- 15113 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Biddlecombe.
- 15114 Canary Band.
P., Miss O'Brien.
- 15115 Robin Band.
P., Miss Conney.
- 15116 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Dessotell.
- 15117 Dickinson School.
George Washington Band.
P., M. E. Moore.
- 15118 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Baldwin.
- 15119 Longfellow Band.
P., Miss Hutchins.
- 15120 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Miss McKinney.
- 15121 Lily Band.
P., Miss Chamberlain.
- 15122 Rose Band.
P., Lizzie Austin.
- 15123 Daisy Band.
P., Jennie Austin.
- 15124 Miami School.
Excelsior Band.
P., M. J. Whitney.
- 15125 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Conney.
- 15126 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Mahoney.
- 15127 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss M. E. Short.
- 15128 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss F. V. Short.
- 15129 McKinstry School.
Lily Band.
P., Miss K. Moynahan.
- 15130 Rose Band.
P., Miss McKay.
- 15131 Violet Band.
P., Miss Sullivan.
- 15132 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Blair.
- 15133 Snowball Band.
P., Miss Craig.
- 15134 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Smith.
- 15135 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Garlick.
- 15136 Clay School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., A. A. Michaels.
- 15137 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Hollands.
- 15138 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Merritt.
- 15139 Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss Dewey.
- 15140 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Jackson.
- 15141 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Bary.
- 15142 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Christianity.
- 15143 Star Band.
P., Miss Fisher.
- 15144 Hope Band.
P., Miss Long.
- 15145 Clinton School.
Oriole Band.
P., J. M. Mandeville.
- 15146 Lark Band.
P., Miss Walker.
- 15147 Redbird Band.
P., Miss Chambers.
- 15148 Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Smith.
- 15149 Robin Band.
P., Miss Beverley.
- 15150 Canary Band.
P., Miss Robinson.
- 15151 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Miss Utter.
- 15152 Dove Band.
P., Miss White.
- 15153 Humming-bird Band.
P., Miss McCarthy.
- 15154 Potter School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Maude Burrows.
- 15155 Busy Workers Band.
P., Miss Wheaton.
- 15156 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Stoddard.
- 15157 Neverfail Band.
P., Miss Sewell.
- 15158 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Nevin.
- 15159 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Dewey.
- 15160 Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss Yodt.
- 15161 Pitcher School.
Chrysanthemum Band.
P., Isabel F. Thirkeil.
- 15162 Violet Band.
P., Miss Whipple.
- 15163 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Chahin.
- 15164 Verbena Band.
P., Miss Hill.
- 15165 Rose Band.
P., Miss Richmond.
- 15166 Snowball Band.
P., Miss Dieke.
- 15167 Lilac Band.
P., Miss Orr.
- 15168 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Dewey.
- 15169 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss Meathe.
- 15170 Lily Band.
P., Miss Bradford.
- 15171 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Whipple.
- 15172 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Eaton.
- 15173 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Brown.
- 15174 Buttercup Band.
P., Mrs. Bennett.
- 15175 Springdale, Ky.
Pleasant Hill School Band.
P., Wm. H. Emmons.
- 15176 San Francisco, Cal.
Lafayette 4th Grade Primary School Band.
P., A. B. Chalmers.
- 15177 Palmer, Ill.
T. De Witt Talmage Band.
P., Emma Penter.
- 15178 Pawtucket, R. I.
Black Beauty Band No. 2.
P., Miss G. A. Denby.
- 15179 Jordan, N. Y.
Jordan Band.
P., Ray Howe.
- 15180 Sparta, Ill.
Sparta Band.
P., Miss C. J. Murphy.
- 15181 Shelbyville, Ill.
Shelbyville Band.
P., Mrs. Rev. W. F. Gillenore.
- 15182 Detroit, Mich.
Washington Band.
P., Helen Young.
- 15183 Plymouth, Mass.
C. Fannie Allen Band.
P., Jennie Meadow.
- 15184 Tallmadge, Ohio.
Tallmadge Band.
P., Mrs. S. W. Sayles.
- 15185 Tacoma, N. Y.
Excelsior Band.
P., Austin B. Fish.
- 15186 Maniton, Colo.
Maniton Band.
P., Mrs. J. S. Webber.
- 15187 Detroit, Mich.
Palmer School.
Forget-me-not Band.
P., Mrs. E. A. Thompson.
- 15188 Lily Band.
P., Miss Alexander.
- 15189 Violet Band.
P., Miss Beardslee.
- 15190 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Foster.
- 15191 Chrysanthemum Band.
P., Miss O'Keefe.
- 15192 Snowball Band.
P., Miss Potter.
- 15193 Buttercup Band.
P., Miss Rowley.
- 15194 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Sales.
- 15195 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Welton.
- 15196 Russell School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., George E. Parker.
- 15197 Violet Band.
P., Miss Barlow.
- 15198 Rose Band.
P., Miss Boston.
- 15199 Buttercup Band.
P., Miss Haskins.
- 15200 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Mathews.
- 15201 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Robinson.
- 15202 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Sanderson.
- 15203 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Sheen.
- 15204 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss Williams.
- 15205 Van Dyke School.
Oriole Band.
P., Miss Mackenzie.

- 15206 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Miss Conglin.
15207 Redbird Band.
P., Miss Jend.
15208 Bluebird Band.
P., Miss Mayze.
15209 Lark Band.
P., Miss McHarg.
15210 Thrush Band.
P., Miss Merrill.
15211 Robin Band.
P., Miss Malvey.
15212 Canary Band.
P., Miss O'Brien.
15213 Dove Band.
P., Mabel O'Brien.
15214 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Ryan.
15215 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Thompson.
15216 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Widner.
15217 Franklin School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss I. H. MacKay.
15218 I'll Try Band.
P., Helene Austin.
15219 Willing Workers Band.
P., G. M. Botsford.
15220 Helping Hand Band.
P., Sarah J. Ireton.
15221 Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss M. Tobin.
15222 Hope Band.
P., Pauline Warnke.
15223 Star Band.
P., Miss M. Whelan.
15224 Lincoln School.
Excelsior Band.
P., Mr. J. E. Bassett.
15225 Violet Band.
P., Miss Berry.
15226 Lily Band.
P., Miss Fleming.
15227 Rose Band.
P., Miss Blackwood.
15228 Tulip Band.
P., Miss H. C. Drake.
15229 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss A. E. Drake.
15230 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Galloway.
15231 Pansy Band.
P., Miss Garlick.
15232 Daisy Band.
P., Miss McLean.
15233 Normal School.
Never Fail Band.
P., Harriet M. Scott.
15234 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Beard.
15235 George Washington Band.
P., Miss Colby.
15236 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Fairbairn.
15237 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Heffron.
15238 Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss Heller.
15239 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss Stewart.
15240 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Weatherby.
15241 Hubbard School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Harriet C. Park.
15242 I'll Try Band.
P., Miss Park.
15243 Willing Workers Band.
P., Miss Colville.
15244 Helping Hand Band.
P., Miss Harrington.
15245 Wide Awake Band.
P., Miss McKay.
15246 Sunshine Band.
P., Miss Pattison.
15247 Rosebud Band.
P., Miss Skinner.
15248 Cottage Grove School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., W. H. Moore.
15249 Gratiot School.
Lily Band.
P., Belle Stuart.
15250 Hibbard School.
Violet Band.
P., Miss E. Courville.
15251 Pansy Band.
P., Miss C. J. Hall.
15252 M. M. Rose School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Nettie L. Elliott.
15253 Salt Lake City, Utah.
Silent Band.
P., Joseph Olorenshaw.
15254 Pardee, Ohio.
Pardee Band.
P., John Carlsen.
15255 Lynn, Mass.
Junior League Band.
P., Florence L. Nichols.
15256 Lowell, Mass.
Highland Band.
P.,
15257 Camp Nelson, N. Y.
Camp Nelson Band.
P., Effie Amy.
15258 Bush Town Band.
P., Wm. Watts.
15259 Clayton, Ohio.
Clayton Band.
P., B. B. Buckley.



A NEW ENGLAND FARM-YARD.

THE THING WAS FRIENDLY.

DR. BEECHER, FATHER OF HENRY WARD.

A New Bedford clergyman kindly sends us the following, cut from some paper:—

THE THING WAS FRIENDLY.

"SCRANTON, August 20.—While Cyrus Brundage was standing on a bridge over the Butternut Creek a few days ago, a skunk came up behind him and began to rub its sides against his boot legs like a pet cat. Brundage was afraid to stir at first, thinking that the skunk would become offended if he moved, so he stood perfectly still, and hoped the little animal would soon discover its mistake and trot peacefully away. But the skunk continued to rub against his boots until Brundage made up his mind that it was determined to be friendly, and yet he was in a hurry for it to go away and mind its own business. He had no desire to molest the tame and condescending creature, and when he had watched its familiar capers for four or five minutes, he picked up his basket of eggs and started across the bridge with slow and pensive tread.

The skunk tagged him up a steep pitch on the other side of the creek, ran around him several times, and put its paws on his boot legs, but didn't offer to be mean or troublesome. Then Brundage started up the hill on a run, and the friendly skunk struck into a canter and quickly caught up to him. Seeing that it was going to be a difficult matter to get rid of the neighborly animal by trying to run away from it, Brundage took an egg out of the basket and placed it in the road. The skunk immediately began to suck the egg, and Brundage legged it to the top of the hill.

Before he had gone far, the skunk came cantering over the brink of the hill and overtook him. Brundage hurried, but the skunk kept right up to him, and half a mile beyond he put another egg in the road. The skunk sucked it, raced after him again, and was more friendly than before. By this time Brundage began to get tired of the persistent skunk's company, but he still had no desire to kick or club the little animal. The skunk continued to beg for food, and Brundage placed four eggs in the middle of the road and ran off at the top of his speed. When he glanced around the skunk had sucked the last egg, and was walking slowly back toward the bridge."

[The venerable Dr. Beecher, father of Henry Ward, relates that when going across a field one night with an armful of books he was similarly approached. He hurled several volumes at the animal to drive it off, but got the worst of it, which led him to determine through life, that whenever attacked in the newspapers or elsewhere by two legged animals of similar kind he had better make no reply.—EDITOR.]

A PET SEAL.

I once heard of a boy who had a pet seal given to him when it was quite young. It became very tame, and used to cuddle up beside the dogs to sleep in front of the fire, and learned to perform many tricks. One winter the storms were very severe, and the fishermen were at times quite unable to venture to sea to set their nets. As a matter of course fish were scarce, and the seal's food having been of fish alone, milk had to be substituted; but it consumed such vast quantities of the latter that, for the purpose of economy, after a family council it was decided to dispose of the beloved pet as soon as possible. The boy and clergyman friend, who had always taken a lively interest in the pet, started off in a boat with their precious victim, and when far enough out for safety threw the seal into the water. Little did they expect the result, for the creature, feeling itself very much abused, rushed after the boat with all its might and main, uttering such fearful and heart-rending cries of grief that it was at last taken back into the boat, where it lay exhausted, sobbing and wailing like a child. When the familiar home was reached it soon regained its former gaiety and health, and, adds the writer who tells this story in *The Illustrated American*, it lived to a good old age little the worse for its adventure.

A BRIGHT CAT.

It requires quick hearing, sharp observation, and good memory to know always a friend's peculiar ring of the house bell, although there is, no doubt, an individuality in that as in every other human act. Not to be able to do this is not a proof of dulness in child or man; and when done by a cat is worth noting. A lady in Boylston Street, in this city, had a cat which for years always left its rug and went down the stairs to the front door when its mistress rang, to meet her, if the doors of the room were open; but it took no notice whatever of the ring of anybody else.

- 15260 Boston, Mass.
Sherman Band.
P., Elsie F. Reekers.
15261 Rice Lake, Wis.
West Side Columbian Band.
P., Miss O. J. Johnson.
15262 West Side Columbian Bd.No.2
P., Ida J. Mason.
15263 Roxbury, Mass.
Roxbury Band.
P., Pearl Soper.
15264 Independence, Pa.
Independence L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. Ida G. Taylor.
15265 S. Omaha, Neb.
Columbia Band.
P., Agnes C. Hoffman.
15266 Verona, Wis.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. C. E. Higby.

- 15267 Sidney, N. Y.
Sidney Band.
P., Fannie E. Curtis.
15268 Peterboro, Ont.
Earnest Workers Band.
P., Mrs. M. E. Hawkins.
15269 Lansing, Mich.
Cruelty Conquerors Band.
P., Harold Hedges.
15270 Pentz, Cal.
Mesilla Valley Band.
P., Maggie Lee.
15271 Gilmanton, N. H.
Lamprey Band.
P., Walter H. Adler.
15272 Newberg, Oregon.
George Washington Band.
P., Stella Lyon.
15273 Daniel Webster Band.
P., Rista Stevens.

- 15274 Longfellow Band.
P., Clara Mitchell.
15275 Whittier Band.
P., Ella Mary.
15276 Christian Band.
P., Rose Hampton.
15277 Children's Band.
P., Abbie Miles.
15278 Sherwood, Oregon.
Humboldt Band.
P., Christena Langer.
15279 Willard Band.
P., Gertrude Brant.
15280 Detroit, Mich. St. Ann's Sch.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Mary Michael.
15281 I'll Try Band.
P., Sister Rose.
15282 Willing Workers Band.
P., Sister Mary Godfrey.

- 15283 Never Fail Band.
P., Sister Thomas.
15284 Wide Awake Band.
P., Sister Mary Cecile.
15285 Helping Hand Band.
P., Sister Mary Alphonsine.
15286 St. Aloysius' School.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Emiline.
15287 Rose Band.
P., Sister Michaela.
15288 Violet Band.
P., Sister Henrietta.
15289 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Sister Irene.
15290 Pansy Band.
P., Sister Christina.
15291 Daisy Band.
P., Sister Stanislaus.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in November.
Fines and witness' fees, \$174.54.

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A Friend, Salem, \$11; C. W. Amory, \$10; Edith Babcock, \$6; Grace M. Dutcher, \$5; Mrs. N. H. Brown, \$3; Chas. W. Stone, \$2; S. C. Cornell, \$2; N. A. Harwood, \$2.

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All others in sums of less than \$1, \$2.50.

Total, \$74.50.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$142.50.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$10.24.

Total, \$246.72.

Publications sold, \$117.47.

Total, \$755.73.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in November.

An Illinois Friend, \$100; "Willing Workers and Mission Friends," \$5; Mrs. John M. Welch, \$5; Mrs. L. R. Crowley, \$5; Dr. F. P. Sprague, \$5; Mrs. G. H. Swasey, \$2; Mrs. Emily S. Fabian, \$2; Mrs. E. D. Eastman, \$1.50; Cash, \$1; Miss C. A. Winter, \$0.75; Sr. Agatha, \$0.70.

And from Sales of Black Beauty.

Pub. School Pub. Co., \$5; C. F. Brown, \$6; C. A. Mitchell, \$5; Wm. A. Libby, \$5; V. L. Conrad, \$34; J. Odenwald & Co., \$22.50; Scranton, Wetmore & Co., \$14.25; Benj. S. Morgan, \$12.50; W. A. Wilde & Co., \$6; Mrs. N. McConnell, \$5; C. A. Schaffter & Son, \$5; Chas. L. Strong, \$5; E. C. Carrington, \$5; John Wanamaker, \$7.50; Baker & Taylor Co., \$12.50; S. H. Zahn & Co., \$9.61; "Christian Leader," \$5; Mrs. J. A. H. Colby, \$5; L. Clay Kilby, \$15.

All others in sums of less than \$5, \$61.22.

THE FIRST SNOW.

The first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white, save the river that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape, and the leafless trees that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches.

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling hoofs, no more rattling wheels. Only the chiming sleigh bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.

LONGFELLOW.

BIRDS KILLED BY UNKIND WORDS.

The Boston Journal says it is well known that birds are sensitive to tones of the voice, and are terrified at loud, angry words. A lady who wished to make a bobolink stop singing, at last scolded it in a loud voice, and then took up a scarf and shook it in rebuke at the caged bird. In a moment the bird was still, but a short time after made a fluttering about the cage. Its owner turned to the bird, and was shocked to see it fall dead. We know of two cases similar to this. In one case a canary bird and in the other a mocking-bird died within five minutes after having been spoken to in a violent, angry tone.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Monthly Organ of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY ABOUT IT. A FEW FROM HUNDREDS OF RECENT NOTICES.

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12. Worth five times its price, and should be found in every home. — *West Virginia Argus*.
13. Its every page is animated by a loving spirit which makes it invaluable in a family where there are children. — *Daily Herald* (Norristown, Pa.).
14. It should be on every library table. — *German-ton* (Pa.) *Gazette*.
15. Publication in every way worthy of encouragement. — *Baltimore News*.
16. We advise every parent and teacher to send for it. We do not know of any other publication so full of things to keep the hearts of the young tender towards all that breathe. — *School Education* (St. Paul and Minneapolis).
17. One of the most interesting exchanges that come to our table. — *Catholic Knight* (Cleveland, Ohio).
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